

To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Const. *Dieu de Battailles*, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in delpight, the Sunne looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoſt their cold blood to such valiant heart?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme froſtie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Iyckles
Vpon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſtie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly ſay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodyes to the Luſt of Engliſh Youth,
To new-store France with Baſtard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the Engliſh Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Laiolles*'s high, and ſwift *Carrants*'s,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are moſt loſtie Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet England with our ſharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with ſpirit of Honor edged,
More ſharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleanſe*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alaſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chattiſſion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouſſi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great flames:
Barre *Harry* England, that ſweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harſlew:
Ruſh on his Hoſt, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleys, whoſe low Vaſſall Seat,
The Alpes doth ſpit, and void his rhenne vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Priſoner.

Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His Souldiers ſick, and famiſht in their March:
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our Army,
Hee'll drop his heart into the ſinck of feare,
And for archiement, offer vs his Ranſome.

King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſt on *Montjoy*,
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend,
To know what willing Ranſome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not ſo, I doe beſeech your Maieſtie.

King. Be patient, for you ſhall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Conſtable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Captaines, Engliſh and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agas-*

memnon, and a man that I loue and honour with my ſoule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my living,
and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be pray'd and
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepe the Bridge
moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an au-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Antony*, and
hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee
him doe as gallant ſeruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Piſſoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſſoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſſ. Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me fauours: the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I prayſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at
his hands.

Piſſ. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie
Fortunes furious rickie Wheele, that Goddeſſe blind, that
ſtands vpon the rolling iſtleſſe Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Piſſoll*: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muſſer afore his eyes, to ſignifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and ſhee is painted alſo
with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that ſhee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Spherickall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles
in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription
of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Piſſ. Fortune is *Bardolph*'s foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be: a damned
death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe ſuffocate: but *Exeter*
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
and let not *Bardolph*'s vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Piſſoll*, I doe partly vnderſtand your
meaning.

Piſſ. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would deſire
the Duke to vſe his good pleaſure, and put him to execu-
tion; for diſcipline ought to be vſed.

Piſſ. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figs* for thy friendſhip.

Flu. It is well.

Piſſ. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterſeite Raſcall, I
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purſe.

Flu. Ile aſſure you, a vit'ed as prauſe words at the
Pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he ha's ſpoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is ſerue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gulla Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himſelfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and ſuch
fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done:
at ſuch and ſuch a Sconce, at ſuch a Breach, at ſuch a Con-
uoy: who came off brauely, who was ſhot, who diſ-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy ſtood on: and this they
conne perfitly in the phraſe of Warre; which they trick

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge-
neralls Cut, and a horride Sure of the Campe, will doe a-
mong ſoming Bottles, and Ale-waſht Wits, is wonder-
full to be thought on: but you muſt learne to know ſuch
ſtanders of the age, or elſe you may be maruellouſly mi-
ſooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue
hee is not the man that hee would gladly make ſhew to
the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell
him my minde: hearken you, the King is coming, and I
muſt ſpeake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
poore Souldiers.

Flu. God pleſſe your Maieſtie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, canſt thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Maieſtie: The Duke of Exeter
ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge: the French is
gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and moſt prauſe
paſſages: marry, th'athuerſarie was haue poſſeſſion of
the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of
Exeter is Maſter of the Pridge: I can tell your Maieſtie,
the Duke is a prauſe man.

King. What men haue you loſt, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athuerſarie hath bene very
great, reaſonable great: marry for my part, I thinke the
Duke hath loſt neuer a man, but one that is like to be ex-
ecuted for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maie-
ſtie know the man: his face is all-bubukles and wheikes,
and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his
noſe, and it is like a coale of fire, ſometimes plew, and
ſometimes red, but his noſe is executed, and his fire's
out.

King. Wee would haue all ſuch offenders ſo cut off:
and we giue expreſſe charge, that in our Marches through
the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
reprayd or abuſed in diſdaineſull Languages; for when
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
Gameſter is the ſooner winner.

Tucket. Enter *Montjoy*.

Montjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what ſhall I know of
thee?

Montjoy. My Maſters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Montjoy. Thus ſayes my King: Say thou to *Harry*
of England, Though we ſeem'd dead, we did but ſleepe:
Aduantage is a better Souldier then raſhneſſe. Tell him,
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harſlewe, but that wee
thought not good to bruiſe an iniurie, till it were full
ripe. Now wee ſpeake vpon our Q, and our voyce is im-
periall: England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weake-
neſſe, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him therefore con-
ſider of his ranſome, which muſt proportion the loſſes we
haue borne, the ſubiects we haue loſt, the diſgrace we
haue digeſted; which in weight to re-awſwer, his petti-
neſſe would bow vnder. For our loſſes, his Exchequer is
too poore; for th'effuſion of our bloud, the Muſter of his
Kingdome too faint a number; and for our diſgrace, his
owne perſon kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth-
leſſe ſatiſfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
concluſion, he hath betrayed his followers, whoſe con-
demnation is pronounc'd: So farre my King and Maſters
ſo much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. *Montjoy*.

King. Thou doo'ſt thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not ſeeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to ſay the ſooth,
Though 'tis no wiſdome to confeſſe ſo much
Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with ſickneſſe much enfeebl'd,
My numbers leſſen'd: and thoſe few I haue,
Almoſt no better then ſo many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of Engliſh Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I muſt repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Maſter, heere I am;
My Ranſome, is this frayle and wortheleſſe Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and ſickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himſelfe, and ſuch another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Montjoy*.
Goe bid thy Maſter well aduiſe himſelfe.
If we may paſſe, we will: if we be hindred,
We ſhall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Diſcolour: and ſo *Montjoy*, fare you well.
The ſumme of all our Anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeeke a Battaille as we are,
Nor as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it:
So tell your Maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliuer ſo: Thanks to your High-
neſſe.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer wee'll encampe our ſelues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Conſtable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleanſe, Dolphin, with others.*

Const. Tut, I haue the beſt Armour of the World:
would it were day.

Orleanſe. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
Horſe haue his due.

Const. It is the beſt Horſe of Europe.

Orleanſe. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleanſe, and my Lord High Con-
ſtable, you talke of Horſe and Armour?

Orleanſe. You are as well prouided of both, as any
Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horſe with any that treads but on foure poſtures:
ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entayles were
hayres; *le Cheual volante*, the Pegafus, *ches les narines de
ſeu*. When I beſtryde him, I ſoare, I am a Hawke, he trots
the ayre: the Earth ſings, when he touches it: the beſt
horne of his hooſe, is more Muſicall then the Pipe of
Hermes.

Orleanſe. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaſt
for *Perſeus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
ly in patient ſtillneſſe while his Rider mounts him: hee
is indeede a Horſe, and all other Iades you may call
Beaſts.

Const. In-